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DANGEROUS SPURTS

Jealousy, sibling rivalry, greed and plenty of hot, throbbing sex are all part of an upper-class lifestyle. Elk Martin reveals the seamier characteristics of the true English Gent.

The feud between old Roland Slocombe and Sir Sidney Carless went back half a century. And it had begun with a wager on New Year's Eve.

As patrician young gentlemen and fellow members of the infamous Rutingdon Dining Club, Roland bet Sidney that he could seduce the latter's red headed young sister, Lady Margaret 'Careless' Carless, before the stroke of midnight. 1930.

Sidney was confident enough in his sister's virtue (and her iron-willed spinster companion, Miss Pringle) to let Margaret attend the New Year's celebration at Roland's ancestral seat, Slocombe Hall, together with the members of the Rutingdon. Most of them had side bets on the issue – almost all gambling on success for the famously well-endowed Roland.

On New Year's Eve itself, at the ball, young Roland succeeded in luring Margaret and Miss Pringle to a small, private sitting-room. There (as the Rutingdon watched from behind a wall-sized mirror), after rendering the companion insensible with a glass of drugged Madeira wine, and blindfolding the footmen, Roland had stood up calmly in front of Margaret and unbuttoned himself to reveal an erection which, as one delighted Rutingdon man recalled, "looked as thick as a prize marrow."

Behind the mirror, the Rutingdon clapped a hand over her brother Sidney's mouth and restrained him from smashing through the glass. Then a long, collective sigh was released in the secret room as Lady Margaret brought her head forward, and then hungrily sucked as much as she could of Roland's dick into her mouth.

For Sidney had fatally misjudged his sister's character. Where cock was concerned, her enthusiasm was matched only by her capacity. She had already succumbed to a couple of the Rutingdon, and would eventually go through the entire club membership. That New Year's Eve her satin ball gown was soon up around her waist, her milk-white breasts spilling from her décolletage, and her long legs spread wide to receive Roland as he thrust his mighty weapon up into her ginger pubic curls. With the Rutingdon watching in awe, he settled to a battering, rhythmic fuck, with each stroke of his thick cock seeming to force Lady Margaret's eyes and mouth wide open and drive a shriek of pleasure from her.

As the couple finally convulsed in blissful, noisy orgasm, one young blood spoke for the club as he muttered huskily: "Damn fine show." Only Sidney Carless, his head in his hands, sobbed quietly in a corner. He would never forget the humiliation.

The years passed. Both young men married and had children. While Roland chose the life of a country gentleman, Sir Sidney became a banker in the City. The war came and went, grandchildren appeared, and while Sidney's fortune increased indecently, the simple Roland found it harder to make ends meet.

Finally, there came the December when the two old men faced each other over a table of the Athenaeu. Sir Sidney, sallow faced and silver haired, palmed a fan of papers and said:

"Roland, I've got you. I've made it my business to buy up the mortgages on Slocombe Hall. I know you haven't a bean. I'm foreclosing and demolishing the beastly place. I think I'll put up a theme park."

Old Roland chilled at the thought of his beloved home being dismantled by a man he had always known for a small-minded poplnjay.

"You've always been a sporting man, Sidney," he said. "How about a last wager? If I win, you tear up the mortgages. If you lose, you get the Hall for nothing."

"What's the bet?"

"Same as before: more or less. I've a grandson, Rollo. You've an only granddaughter, Eva. If they ah, complete the act of love before the last stroke of midnight this New Year's Eve, I win."

"Done," said Sir Sidney. "Eva is a retiring young lady – and engaged to a fine young man, Bertram Blunt. Rollo is, I gather, as irresponsible in his own way as you have been. It's a safe bet because I *know* my granddaughter."

"The same way you knew your sister?" enquired Roland pleasantly as he rose. "See you on New Year's Day to collect that bumph."

"Better be ready for a removal," snarled Sir Sydney.

Thoughtfully, old Roland returned to the Hall and summoned his favourite grandson, who was down from Oxford. Rollo was a slim young man, fair-haired, with the body of an athlete and an expression hovering between dreamy and stubborn – a cross between Leslie Howard and Peter Rabbit.

Old Roland began to explain their dilemma. When he mentioned Eva, Rollo said: "I know Eva Carless. I met her at a party. I think she likes me."

"Talked to her, did you?" said the old man, brightening.

"Not exactly, Grandpa," said Rollo evasively, "but I could tell."

"Quite right, my boy. I'm glad you understand that finally it's always the fillies who take the decision. But you know she's engaged to Biff Blunt?" (Rollo tensed, visibly.) "Is that a problem?"

"It's just," said Rollo, "that it was Biff's girl, Sally Litesome, who... went off the bridge with me that time."

This referred to the fact that at Oxford Rollo was chiefly notorious for his exploits with the Dangerous Sports Club. And his most notorious episode with them had been the double jump off Clifton Suspension Bridge.

He and the game girl, Sally, who happened to be going out with Biff Blunt at the time, had attached lengths of heavy rubber cord to their ankles and to the bridge, and at dawn, assisted by Rollo's best friend, Fudge Furnival, got ready to plummet towards the Avon hundreds of feet below.

The trouble was that, after a magnum of champagne, Rollo and the buxom, black-haired Sally discovered an instant and intense mutual attraction and, lying on the top of the bridge's metal parapet, had begun to make passionate love. Sally's track suit bottom was around her ankles and Rollo's cock thrusting far up into her, when either the couple had become unbalanced, or as Rollo would later claim, his pal Fudge had sneaked up and given them a playful shove.

Either way, they were suddenly tumbling from the bridge into thin air, their bodies still locked together by Rollo's prick, which – as they screamed in total panic – ecstasy instantly swelled to an immense rigidity and he ejaculated again and again inside Sally, who as they plummeted downwards was racked helplessly with a non-stop orgasm of her own. Luckily the angle of the fall pulled their bodies apart relatively painlessly just before the bungy cords reached full extension a few feet above the river and shot them, still upside down, up into the air again, so that for what seemed like ages they were bouncing up and down again like yo-yos, with Rollo's stiff prick still pumping spunk fitfully into the water below.

The Club photographer, who had been positioned to record the event, achieved particularly good definition on Rollo's heroic member, as well as the hysterically laughing Sally, her swatch of black pubic hair making a dramatic punctuation in the upside down nakedness from her knees to her navel.

The photos became university underground classics, and when Biff got hold of one, so did Sally's remark as she rejected him: "I'm sorry, but nothing could *ever* be the same after that."

The taciturn Rollo never boasted about this or any of his other exploits, but after that he began to refer to his Club as the 'Dangerous Spurts'.

Now with the bet on, Sir Sidney told Biff that he could expect his old rival Rollo to be paying court to Eva. After careful research he also soon discovered that there was a part of Rollo's Oxford career which his grandfather knew nothing about. Rollo's wild life and the cost of the Dangerous Sports paraphernalia (climbing gear, parachutes etc.) were expensive and, raising money, he had got into the hands of loan sharks. He was currently being pursued by two particularly nasty debt collectors, Frank and Fergus Ferrit. Sir Sidney made it his business to let the Ferrit brothers know that they could expect to locate Rollo on or around New Year's Eve at the Carless penthouse apartment just off the Strand.

That was where Sir Sidney ordered that his granddaughter Eva be sequestered from Boxing Day onwards, in the company of her companion Miss Pringle (a descendant of the same person who had failed to prevent old Roland debauching Lady Margaret Carless). The 40-something Miss Pringle was no defense in herself, being interested only in *petit point* needlework and her cherished Morris Minor, but she was devoted to Eva and would stick to her as Sir Sidney coarsely expressed it, "like shit to a blanket."

Between the companion, Biff and the Ferrit brothers and the excellent security in the building, Sidney felt confident.

Eva had had nothing to say in all this. A tall, slim, quiet 18-year-old with a pale red-gold version of her great-aunt Margaret's flaming hair, Eva was used to doing as she was told. She had always disliked her cold, bossy grandfather Sidney, but, following her parent's example, let his immense wealth dictate to her. Shy by nature and isolated by luxury from the everyday world and ordinary people, she had led a closeted existence.

She was, however, not quite as inexperienced as her grandfather fancied. She had become engaged to Biff Blunt, who was the son of a wealthy dynasty, so that her grandfather had not only approved but had also actively manoeuvred to bring about the match.

Shortly after the engagement had been announced, they had gone to the Gatecrashers Charity Ball.

Uncharacteristically, Eva's attention had been struck with the looks of a lithe blond boy in a dinner jacket, with wavy hair and a part-dreamy, part-sulky expression that had reminded her of the Peter Rabbit mug in her nursery. But when Biff had seen them staring at one another he had dragged Eva away.

They had ended up in a darkened cloakroom, and Biff, who was very worked up, had abruptly pulled down her knickers and, before she realised it, pushed into her for the first time. Yet 10 minutes later they were downstairs again making polite small talk to the grown-ups. It had been so clinical – and so quick.

Now it was half-past 10 on New Year's Eve, and for some reason her grandfather had decreed that she spend it shut up with poor Miss Pringle. Looking down through the big picture windows, she could see the parties going on in the tall, brightly lit office blocks all around, and in the streets she watched the crowds already pushing towards Trafalgar Square. Sighing, she patted her red-gold hair, which was pinned up in a bun, smoothed down her sensible charcoal skirt and severe white blouse, which concealed rather than flattered her nice figure, and turned back to the *petit point* she was doing with Miss Pringle. Then the phone rang.

Miss Pringle answered, and immediately went ashen.

"Yes, mine is the Morris Minor. They're what? The tyres slashed? Turning it over? Wait, wait, I'm coming!" She dropped the phone and ran for the door, calling to Eva: "That was security. The crowd are attacking my Moggie! Stay here until I return!" And left, slamming the front door behind her.

The flat fell silent. Eva, blinking, tried to concentrate on her needlework. There was a slight noise on the penthouse roof – the pigeons, she supposed, and did not look up a minute later as a fluttering knock came at the window. But it went on, so she glanced up and was electrified to see a pale, upside-down

She was wetter between her legs than she had ever been – a huge damp patch soaking her white knickers and the pubic curls beneath them.

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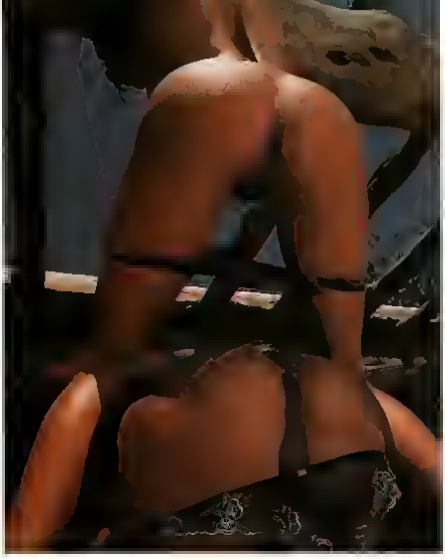

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face hanging at the top of the 26th storey window. The arms belonging to it were gesturing rather pathetically at the window latch, so Eve went over and unfastened it.

As the window opened the Peter Rabbit boy somersaulted smoothly through it.

"How on earth did you get up there?" said Eve, inwardly pleased at her own coolness.

"I saw you at that party," said Rollo, "and I've been wanting to see you again. Happy New Year, Eve."

As they were talking, Eve noticed he was wearing some kind of black harness with built-in snap-fasteners. Something kinky? But her own body liked him, and she trusted him instinctively.

Still, she said as haughtily as possible, "You'll have to go. My companion Miss Pringle will be back at any moment."

"No, she won't," said Rollo. "It was my chum Fudge who phoned her, and about now he'll be taking her for a ride in her own Morris Minor."

As Eve spluttered, Rollo reached out and, with amazing cheek, deftly pulled the two pins from her bun, so that her long bronze hair fell around her face. "That's better."

"Give me my pins!" cried Eve, but Rollo danced lithely away, laughing. Then he tossed the pins on to the sofa, so that they fell between the cushions.

As Eve lunged for them, reaching over the back of the sofa, Rollo quickly vaulted it and, before she knew it, was behind her, lifting her by the hips with strong arms so that she was perched immobilised, with her legs off the floor, balanced on her tummy on the top of the sofa back, with her top half hanging upside down.

As Eve felt his taut, exciting body pinning her from behind, she giggled and said, "Let me up! Give me my pins!"

"Not till you give me a kiss," laughed Rollo. He pinned her legs and buttocks with his thighs, and through her tights Eve could feel something else pressing into her, something hot, hard and swelling. In spite of herself her stomach began to tingle. As she struggled pitifully to get upright, somehow she wasn't sorry that her breasts were grinding into the soft fabric of the cushions, her nipples stiffening as they did so. She was also vaguely aware that her skirt had ridden up to her hips and that her long legs in their black tights must present quite a spectacle, kicking and waving in the air. But somehow, as her head was upside down and out of sight behind the sofa, what was happening to her bottom wasn't anything to do with her – wasn't her fault.

Very breathless now, she gasped excitedly, "Let, let, me," being suddenly aware that she was wetter between her legs than she had ever been. So wet that it seemed certain Rollo would see a huge damp patch soaking her tights and the white knickers and red blonde pubic curls beneath them.

The blood had run to her head and so flooded and choked her that she couldn't speak, just nodded her assent. As his hands grasped her hips firmly, *his* head came forward over the sofa as she turned *hers* to glue her parted lips to his. Soon she felt his tongue slide gently in and out of her mouth in a long, wet kiss that gradually drove her wild. So when she felt his hands slipping her tights and knickers down over her bottom, incredibly she found that she was arching her body to help him and slipping out of her skirt, loving the cool feel of the air on her naked buttocks.

Then the doorbell rang.

They both froze. The bell rang again, and through the door down the long hall came the rasping voice of her fiancé, Biff Blunt.

"Evie? I just saw Miss Pringle dashing off somewhere. Are you all right?"

Lights," hissed Rollo and

Tantalisingly unbuttoning her blouse and unclipping her bra, she cupped first one and then the other firm breast in her palms – pink nipples hard, trembling.

without even thinking, Eve straightened from the sofa, pulled up her tights and quickly switched off all the lights. They stood cuddling in the dark as the letter-box in the front door opened and Biff's piggy eyes peered through, while his slurred voice called, "Evie, are you in there? I think you are."

He's been *celebrating*," murmured Rollo, and they convulsed with silent laughter.

But then, to help himself see better, the half-drunk Biff held a lighted match through the letter-box. The third time he did this he burnt his fingers and dropped the match, which fell on a pile of junk mail and started a small bonfire.

"Oh hell," said Eve, and ran forward to stamp it out, so that her half naked bottom was waving six inches in front of his nose when Biff opened the letter-box again.

"Evie!" he bellowed. "What's going on?" But then his face abruptly disappeared, as out in the hall two bulky figures in tight Crombie overcoats materialised and pulled him upright. The Ferrit brothers, having seen Biff sprint for the lifts, had arrived.

"Is a-in there, that Rollo Slocombe?" rasped Frank.

"I think he may be," spluttered Biff, and then gasped as, without a word, Fergus conjured a sledgehammer from under his coat and brought it smashing down on one hinge of the door, knocking it askew. As the crashing blow echoed in the flat, Eve jumped into Rollo's arms.

"Time for me to be off, or I think I'm going to get some pain," said Rollo. "Maybe you will, too, knowing Biff. What'll it be, an evening in with him or a night out with me?"

Thirty seconds later, after Eve had shrugged on a fur jacket, the door crashed inwards just as she and Rollo had pulled themselves through the window and, careful not to look down, scrambled up on to the flat roof of the penthouse. Eve gaped as Rollo ran to a dark shape by the air vents and began clipping his harness to a hang-glider.

"But, but will it take two?" quavered Eve, shivering in the dark in her tights and jacket.

"Absolutely," grunted Rollo, shuffling the wings towards the edge of the roof. "Our Club does this sort of thing all the time," he continued, not thinking it necessary to mention that this hang-glider was a solo model. At that moment, someone from an office party in a nearby building who had caught sight of the figures on the roof, suddenly beamed a spotlight in their direction, which not only illuminated *them*, but also simultaneously lit up the flushed, angry face of Fergus Ferrit hauling himself up on to the roof. Grabbing Eve tightly round her waist, Rollo skipped off the edge and launched into the 26-storey void.

They didn't get too far. With one hand full of Eve, and badly unstable with the extra load, Rollo did the best he could and opted for a short wobbling half-glide, half-tumble to the flat roof of a lower building, the other side of the Strand. With the wind whistling round her unclad legs 200 feet above the traffic, Eve chanced to look round as they shuddered in towards the roof. She shrieked and gripped Rollo convulsively, so that they hit the concrete hard and, with an audible crack, Rollo's left ankle snapped.

Eve picked herself up just as the spotlight from the office building focused on them again. Now the windows of all the nearby offices were packed with revellers cheering at the hang-gliding spectacle. Below them, the New Year crowds in the street were gawping up at the illuminated roof with its crashed glider and half-naked woman in a fur jacket. Already Biff Blunt and the Ferrit brothers were fighting their way through the crowds to get to the building they were stuck on.

It was 10 minutes to

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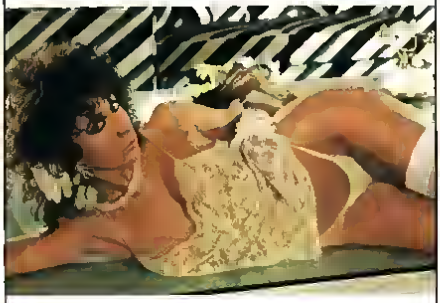

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DANGEROUS SPURTS

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midnight. Eve crouched over Rollo as he lay on his back near the edge of the roof, gritting his teeth. She was just sharing his hip-flask of brandy when a sletic ladan amplified voice ripped up from the street below. Biff had grabbed a loud-hailer from a policeman and was yelling:

"Eve! Don't let him touch you! His family has bet yours that he'll have you before midnight!" His further words were drowned by a great roar of delighted amazement from the crowd.

Eve stared down into Rollo's eyes. "Is it true?"

Rollo, his face white, could only nod. "I'm afraid so, Eve. Your grandfather's going to throw mine out of his house unless... Yes, it's true. But now I've met you properly, I'm damned sorry for it."

With the brandy throbbing unaccustomed in her blood, Eve stood and walked to the edge, and, as the crowd's roar surged up at the sight of her statuesque half-naked figure, something crystallized in her. With her long hair blowing free in the wind and thousands of approving voices seeming to urge her on, she felt her life-long isolation fall away from her, and up on the roof, in the lights above the throng, she suddenly knew who she was.

Feeling like a queen, Eve swung back towards Rollo and said firmly: "Don't be sorry. Now it's what *I* want to do. I've always hated my grandfather, and my fiance's an insensitive oaf. I'm all yours!" She yelled, and, pulling down her knickers and tights in one motion, tossed them daintily off the roof, and down into the crowd, who went completely wild.

Better give the poor lamb something to take his mind off the pain, thought Eve. And as Big Ben in the distance licked on to five to 12, she strutted towards Rollo like a strip goddess, naked from the waist down, and tantalisingly unbuttoning her blouse and unclipping her bra, cupped first one and then the other firm breast in her palms, and pushed up the fur of her jacket so that her twin mounds sat high, cushioned in fur, their pink nipples hard, trembling invitingly. Where do I get all this stuff, she thought fleetingly, and experienced a brief image of her great-aunt Margaret smiling down on her.

Rollo gulped his massive erection, bursting free as she unzipped him. With the roar from the street and the buildings around her ears, Eve, standing, straddled him with her legs wide apart, and slowly, deliberately, bent her knees and lowered her hairy slit down on to his pulsing pole, taking it in one confident hand and easing the head into her slippery, glistening cunt lips. She grunted as he entered her, his eyes squeezed shut, and then, with all the world looking on, began to grind up and down on his straining erection, feeding in more and more with each bobbing motion of her hips, each bend of her knees. Rollo, his adoring eyes open now, lifted his head to nip and lick one of her swaying tits.

The sensations of engorgement as she stuffed him into her belly, the pulsing, fiery excitement, were too strong to last for long. She was vaguely aware of Big Ben beginning to strike as she found herself bouncing faster and faster on him, then shrieked with pleasure as her orgasm racked her body, from her stomach to the tips of her toes, and she felt the spasms of his coming again and again inside her. And all this happened just as the clock struck 12 and London erupted.

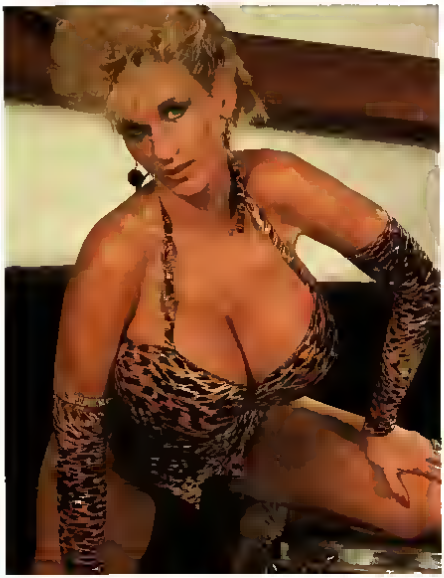
Then they were lying exhausted side by side, listening to the hammering sounds inside the building as the Ferrit brothers, with Biff close behind, began to sledge down the locked door on to the roof. Rollo whispered, "You're magnificent." And Eve was saying, "I won't let them touch you." But then her words were drowned by even deeper percussions and out of the night sky a dark shape dropped towards the roof.

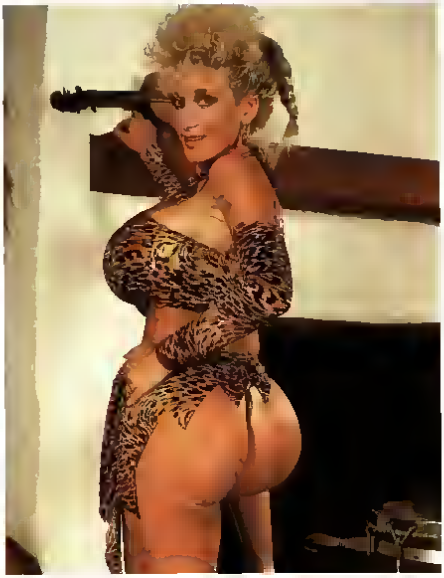
"Fudge!" yelled Rollo into the grinning face of the helicopter's pilot as moments later they lifted off.

"Borrowed patar's Huey," said Rollo's friend, winking at the glowing Eve, who blushed. "Welcome to Dangerous Spurts, what?"

"They're getting away," screamed Biff Blunt to the Ferrit brothers back on the roof. "What are yoo going to do?"

Fergus, on consideration, turned and, muttering, "Happy New Year," broke Biff's nose. The punch may not have got him any money back, but it made Fergus feel a lot better about 1991. BG





MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *My Confession* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real.

I work in a strip joint in LA and am considered something of a sensation, due to my outstanding physique and my astonishing ability to contort my body. My act pulls in hundreds of customers each week and it's hard to say what impresses them the most – my body-bending antics or my massive knockers. Whatever it is, they keep coming back for more.

I must admit that my act is somewhat mind-boggling. During it, I bend right over and squish my mammoth jugs between my thighs, treating them to a great view of my big round arse and my soft pussy winking at them from between my thighs. The men go crazy over that!

However, nothing that has ever happened to me in the States can quite compare to my experience while staying in London recently. I had come over to do some photo modelling and the photographer's wife was a really wild woman. She was crazy about sex and wanted to know what kind of man turned me on – easy answer: that! I need a man who appreciates that a gal like me needs something out of the ordinary – something special.

Mandy, the wife, suggested that, as a special treat, she was going to take me to what was called a 'hen party'. Put simply, it was a night where the strippers were men and the dicks were big. I was looking forward to the evening – it would make a pleasant change to see the guys getting their gear off for once. I only hoped that they were hung the way I liked it.

However, after the first two acts, I was starting to feel a bit let down. The boys were big, but not so large as to get me going. I was all set to go home to my vibrator when they announced the headline act of the night.

He was billed as 'Rick the Dick' and hailed as the 'First Wonder of the Sexual World'. This I've got to see, I thought, settling back into my seat and ordering up another large brandy.

On he came and my initial thought was: 'So what?' He looked decidedly puny, a long thin body with hardly any muscle. But there was one muscle I had yet to see!

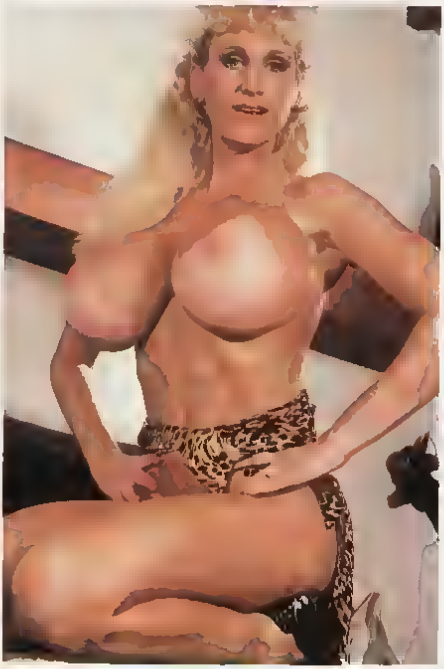
I was still thinking of my vibrator when he removed his pants – that was when I started thinking of something completely different.

There was no doubt – the kid was hung like a horse! Not in any ordinary sense, but really huge. Even limp, it was enormous, and, as he stroked and fondled it up to a hard on, I couldn't tear my eyes away from its awesome length and girth. He must have possessed a good 13 inches of solid man-meat and his balls were in perfect proportion, almost as large as tennis balls.

Sneaking a furtive hand beneath my leopard print dress, I discovered that, in no time at all, my panties had got all damp and wet. He was just the kind of man I was looking for.

He was some performer, dancing around at the front of the stage, wagging that monstrous pole in the faces of women spectators, who were not, surprisingly, going wild with excitement. I knew what I'd have done if he'd pushed that huge ramrod in my face!

But he had even more surprises in store. Seeing himself centre stage, he slowly raised his legs until his knees were beside his shoulders. Then he lowered his head towards the bulbous tip of his gigantic prick. There were gasps of amazement as his lips closed around the fist-like head and he actually started to suck his own cock.



What a night it was and I could feel my clit quiver as he sucked himself harder and harder until, at the last second, he jerked his head away and clutched his throbbing tool as cum exploded from the tip like a fountain, spattering the stage and even the more enthusiastic members of the audience at the front.

The cheers resounded throughout the club and I was the one yelling the loudest. I knew that if I didn't have him, I would go crazy. However, I also knew that I wasn't the only woman there who felt the same way. The questions was: how was I going to get him off with *me* tonight?

I ordered up another brandy and sat down to think about it. Pretty soon that drink was finished and I needed another. I looked up for the waiter, only to find that he was already by my side, a drink in hand.

"I didn't order yet," I told him. He smiled and shook his head.

"I know," he informed me, "but someone else already has. There's a note for me to deliver." He handed me the drink and a small, folded piece of paper.

Damn, I thought, some creep on the make. I unfolded the note and read the words. I had to read it again as I couldn't believe what it said.

It was from Rick. He said that he'd spotted me in the crowd and wanted to meet me. The note made reference to my 'full figure' – something that had me thinking that Rick had more on his mind than casual conversation.

Perhaps it was the drinks, but I knew that there was no way I was going to refuse. I ran to the Ladies and checked on my appearance. I just knew it – this was going to be some night!

Rick was English Charm itself as he greeted me at his dressing room door. When he discovered that I was in the same line of business as him, he was delighted.

"You must pull 'em in," he said. "I've never met a woman like you."

"That's because I'm one of a kind, baby," I replied. "And, as we're on the subject, you've got something not a lot of guys have."

He smiled knowingly. "I bet you say that to all the chaps," he grinned.

I shook my head. "Only to those fellas who've got something I need really badly," I told him, moving closer and adding: "You know what I want from you. Thing is, do you want the same from me?"

For one terrible moment, I thought that he was going to say no, but then he smiled – the swine knew what was on my mind and, like any guy, he was really enjoying the moment.

"Your place or mine?"

"Mine."

I drove him back to my rented flat as fast I could without collecting a speeding ticket. I needed him. I really did. I needed him to want me as much as I wanted him. My nipples were hard and my panties were dripping wet. I could hardly wait!

"Nice place," commented Rick, surveying the flat, taking the most interest in my king-size bed that dominated the room. I came up behind him and put my arms around his chest, squishing my big heavy boobs into his back. "It's large enough for my needs, baby," I breathed into his ear. "Same as you, yes?"

"What makes you think that you only want me for one thing?" he joked, as my hands slid down to his groin to caress that ridge of meat under his pants.

"Let's face it, Rick," I said, locating his zipper and starting to ease it down. "This might not be the start of a beautiful friendship, but it's going to be one hell of a fuck!"

His hands fondled my tits. "Such beautiful tits," he murmured. "I bet you have to fight off the fellas, don't you?"

"Sometimes," I told him. "But visually they're just creeps who could never satisfy me. But something tells me that you know just what to do."

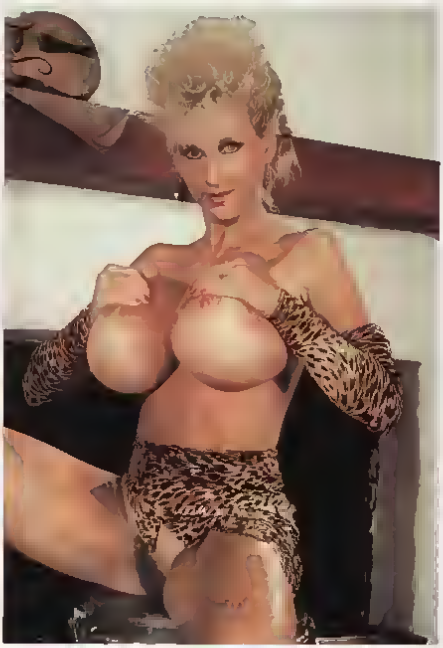
"You're really horny, aren't you?" said Rick, stepping back and unbuckling his belt. "You really want this big meat of mine, don't you?"

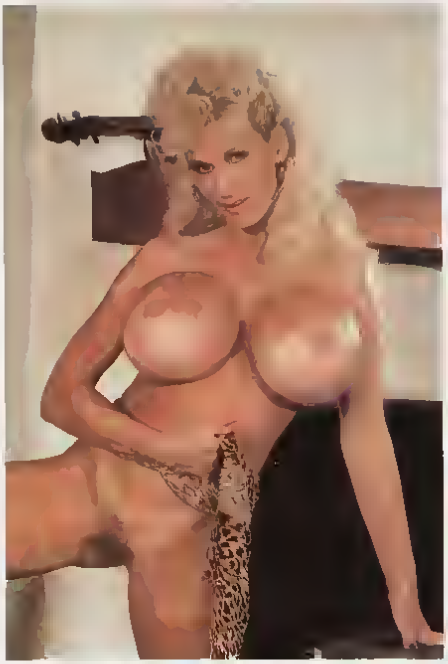
His dirty chat was turning me on. "Please don't tease!" I begged.

And suddenly there it was: as long, so thick, so hard, arching away from his groin like a spear of solid flesh. I couldn't stop myself and fell to my knees before him, opening my mouth as wide as I could and closing my lips around the swollen head, sweeping my tongue over the glans, coating the engorged shaft with as much saliva as I could muster and allowing it to run down the length of his cock on to his huge balls.

"Do I suck it as good as you?" I asked him.

"Better," he breathed. "Much better."





I dragged my tongue along his length and captured his heavy nuts in between my moist lips. They went hard and twitched against the roof of my mouth.

"Christ, gurl!" Rick gasped. "Don't go so fast – we've got all night."

I stood up and pushed him towards the bed. "I can't wait," I told him. "I need some attention, right now!"

Rick sprawled across my unmade bed, his joint standing up hard and erect. Standing over him, I loosened the cord on my dress and let it fall away from me.

"Jesus Christ!" he whistled. "It's all for real!"

"Sure is, baby," I replied, as I eased off my damp knickers. "No silicone in me. What I've got is what nature gave me."

"Then give some to me!" Rick pleaded, his eyes feasting on my overlarge knockers and glistening pussy as I clambered on to the bed and sat astride him. "Make me feel good, baby. God, I want you!"

His eyes widened as I lowered my wet snatch on to his face. "Eat me, lover," I commanded him. "Eat me and get me all wet and ready for that fat juicy cock!"

He did exactly as I wished, his tongue wriggling between the folds of my cunt and lapping up the hot juices that flowed freely as he found my ripe clit and teased it, softly at first, then harder as I thrust my hips forward, matching the tantalising rhythm of his lips and tongue as he brought me nearer and nearer to climax.

I couldn't believe that this was actually happening. "Now!" I yelled, as the fire ignited in my twat, sending wonderful spasms of pleasure flowing through my body as I came, the juices seeping from my pussy and smearing all over Rick's face.

I was breathing hard, my jutting boobs rising and falling as I recovered from that delicious orgasm. I felt Rick's hands upon my chest, kneading my bulging tit-flesh, his fingers moulding my mounds around his hands, pinching the erect nipples. "My God, that was great!" I said happily.

"Fun's only just beginning," he responded, wrapping his fingers around his extraordinary shaft and stroking it sensually. "See this, sis, my cock? This is going to make you cum harder than you've ever known!"

"I don't doubt it," I answered, placing both hands on his tool. "Just promise me that when you shoot your stuff, I get to see it spurt, OK?"

His hand was between my legs, caressing my sapping quim. "So wet there, honey," he murmured. "Reckon you're ready for it?"

"I'm ready for anything," I told him, gripping his rigid poker in my hands and guiding it towards my snatch. "I want to feel every frigging inch inside me. And, as for being gentle with me, don't you even think it!"

I spread my thighs as wide as I could and waited. Rick lowered himself towards me, clutching his hard-on in his fist. "Inside me," I urged him. "And please stroke my tits... it makes me feel soooo good!"

Then he was entering me, that monstrous head forcing its way past my petals, easing into my well lubricated tunnel, snaking inside and filling me completely. I clasped my hands on the cheeks of his arse and held on tight as he raised his hips and began to fuck me, thrusting hard and deep with each stroke.

I groaned, still unable to believe that this was happening. I had never been fucked like this and the sensations coursing through me were utterly indescribable. "Don't stop!" I gasped. "Make me *cummmm!*"

"You like it?" moaned Rick, his hips pistoning back and forth powerfully. "You like the way it makes your cunt hot?"

"Yes, yes, *yesss!*" I cried, loving the filthy way he was talking to me. "I can feel it burning... I can feel that I'm going... Oh, my God!" The words jerked from my mouth as the first waves of an almighty orgasm spread from my snatch and it felt as if my whole body was one massive climax. I went wild, screaming, beating my fists upon his back, cumming so hard I nearly blacked out.

"I can't hold back!" Rick grunted. "I'm going to cum my load right now!"

"Between my tits!" I screamed. "Cover them with your spunk. Every last creamy drop!"

I watched in awe as he slid his jerking cock from my pussy and shimmied up my heaving body to slither his dick between my huge tits. "Here it comes!" he cried, as the first hot wad of cream flew from his tip, his jism spilling all over my knockers, drenching them with spurt after spurt of thick white liquid.

That was only the start of a great night of sex. Rick and I were made for each other. Proof that, when it comes to fucking, 'big' really is best.

I had only a week in London before I had to fly back to LA, but I made certain to spend as much time as I could with Rick. A man like him is hard to find and I wanted to get as much of it as I could. From now on, I'm going to visit London as often as I can. Englishmen are the best!

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

MEN ONLY

VOLUME 58 NUMBER 1

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Bloody hell, a new year! Don't they come round quick – and at the most inconvenient times? I mean, we haven't really got round to wasting 1990 yet. In fact, we're just about prepared to do nothing at any use whatever for the whole of 1989 at the moment, although we're not sure we've got the energy.

How about you? Feeling really positive about 1991, are you? Made your New Year resolutions and all that? We made one. We resolved to give a lot more to Charity in the new year. But Charity said she was quite satisfied already and sometimes felt a little sore, as a matter of fact. So that cool-boxed that.

Not much to look forward to now until Easter, really, unless you count St. Valentine's Day.

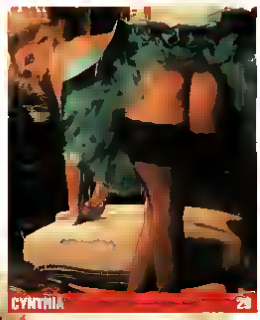
GAYNOR 55

GOTCHA! 7

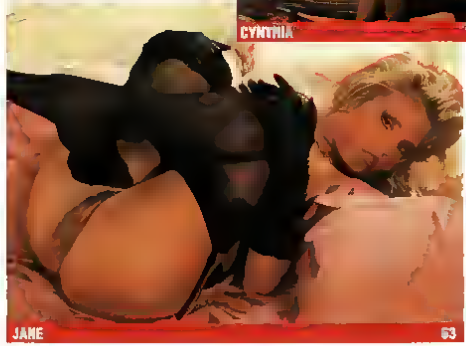
Which – as the only Valentines we get these days are made up at letters cut out of newspapers, to the effect that unless we leave £200 in used notes in the usual place, our Valentine will tell the old lady about the time we got stuck in that tarty Sonia (42-23-38) in the lift (or vice versa) – we don't. Well, I know the Great Baldoni thinks we're paid too much, but this is no way to negotiate a pay cut, even it is for the good of the nation as a whole. And it is a bit of a hole, come to think of it.

In the meantime, we all in the turrets of Raymond Towers with rigid penises.

No, nothing to do with the girls; we've got even them (well, some of them). It's because the heating's off and every time we go for a pee the whole shebang freezes solid and we come back with a rod of ice up the old boy – which makes for an erect posture. In fact, it's frightfully British up here these days – all the girls having stiff upper lips for some reason – and intimate relations are a matter of breaking the ice at the beginning



CYNTHIA 29



JANE 63

BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!
BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!
BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Business

Sir I am the local builder a strong man not bad looking and always horny In two years I have had every woman in our village that I want to have except one – Caroline

She is a tease And she is a business woman She knows I want her and I know she wants my big, thick cock in her pussy She tells me so She'll feel my thigh and let her fingers stray near my hard bulge and say "Jack you've got muscles where other men haven't " She'll say "Come up to the bedroom I have

something I want you to do for me " And I find her lying on the bed naked but for her panties, pulling them tight between her legs And I'll start to get undressed And she'll say "What the hell do you think you're doing? I want you to fix that window in the hallway where the plaster's cracked "

She's had me working for her for next to nothing on promises that I will get my desire

Last week her roof was damaged in a storm and she had me round in the middle of the night "Will you do it for a special price?' she asked

"How special?" I replied

"Very special!" she said

Well I've learnt my lesson so I said bluntly that I would do it if I could have her afterwards and demanded a deposit

She smiled, looked at the rain pouring through the roof and said the price was too high I said I came very quickly so that was 50 per cent off She argued for 75 per cent and we enjoyed the joke I agreed to 80 per cent off but demanded a deposit

She laughed slipped out of her negligée and undid my trousers to let my cock rub between her full breasts She caressed it between them gently for some minutes until she felt I was near to coming and then sent me to work

I was repairing the woodwork when I thought she would probably get out of it somehow Then I thought my best chance was now with the rain coming in So I called to her for a little on account to 'buy materials'

She came and lay on the stairs beneath me her negligée deliberately arranged to show her pussy, and stayed there stroking it until I'd finished the job

Then it was into the bedroom She lay on the bed invitingly but grabbed my cock as I lay beside her and slipped five smelly rubber rings over it I could only get about 3 cm of it into her!

"That's 80 per cent off " she smiled

Well I know a bit about sex so I directed my cock to please her Very soon she was mentioning other jobs around the place – taking one ring off for each job

Of course I agreed to anything! But after I was well in, so did she She tore the rings off and begged me to fuck her

I said I would if she'd marry

continued on page 7

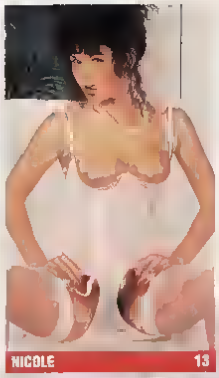
MY CONFESSION 78

***and* at the end, if you get my drift. (Ha!)**

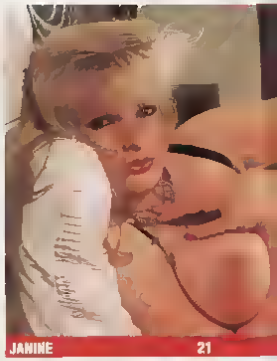
Season for all this frigidity is another of the Great Baldoni's economy drives. Seems our wizard accountant's statistics show that the company spends five times more on heating in the winter than at any other time So he's decided to turn it *off* in the winter and *on* in the summer, which saves a packet. (Which, as Baldoni gets through a packet every other year, is a considerable saving and greatly benefits the London Rubber Company.)

But never mind all that. The good news is that the evenings are getting lighter! A few weeks ago we couldn't even trift one, but now we're tossing them all around the place

This is great news because the long dark evenings make wives and girlfriends wax most oppressive. They went to know where the hell you've been, whose lipstick that is on your



NICOLE 13



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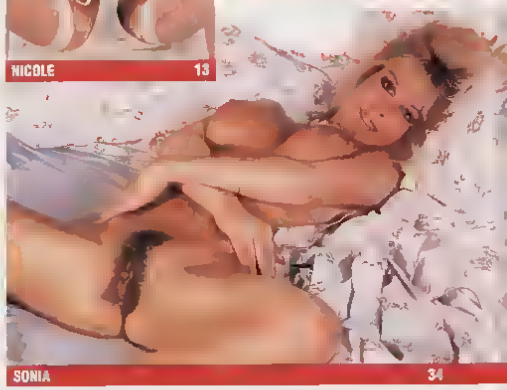

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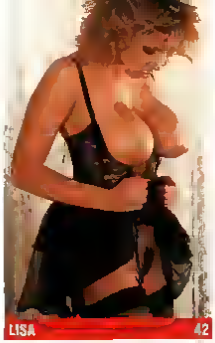
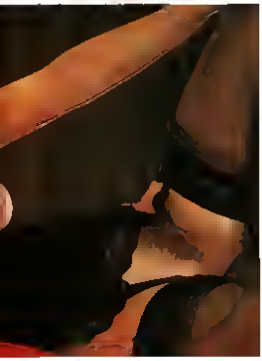
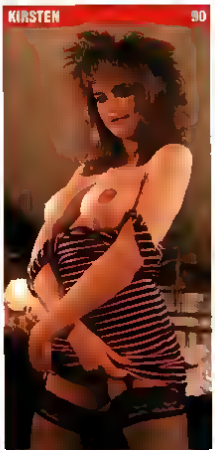


LISA 42

Y-fronts, wha you think you are, and how came you can affard to ga drinkiag all night with your appaiiiag mates when *you* hit tha rooi whan they ask for sa much as tha price of a new car?

Winter is the seasoa when waman canspire to kehttle a maa. And don't they kaow just haw ta da it! There are many methods ai making a man feel really small, but pretendmg ta search for your cock with a magnifying glass is the aaa we hate most. *The Editors*





KIRSTEN 90

THE • DONE • THING

HYPE OTTINUSE

The problems of maintaining one's proud erection in times of recession can be many. Spectral satyriasis could just be an adman's wet dream!

"The speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is camely in nothing but lave."

Francis Bacon

Luncheon in a grialy dago restaurant in Convent Garden in the company ol two eppalling greasaball advertising consultants by the name ol Smarmi and Smaarmia, if I remember – I have a shocking memory for ghastly little shits – is not the sort of occasion an English Gentleman likas to admit to attending. But gentlemen, I was there!

Indeed. I would have eaten with them if there had been any decent English fodder on offer. God, what a menu! Taenage Mutant Ninja Turtle soup, which smell like sewage, fillet de book de Jeffrey Archer (I couldn't get it down) followed by meringue de la Minogue a la Madonna served in black gussetless women's underpants and covered in sauce de Jason Donovan. In short, all the ingradients for an epic spew washed down by a particularly vile vintage battery acid which my hosts informed me was advertised on talavision a lot. In fact, it was spacially blended to test the theory that your average plebian will drink anything if you give it a pretty label, fancy French name and hire some famous actor to tell him it's good offen enough.

They leughed about this for a long time. Until I cracked a bottle of it over Smaarmia's little greased head in defence of my poorer tenants. Took all the skin off his face! Any gentleman would have done the same. The lower classes should not be exploited like this, except by us.

SHAKING PILES: Wild horses would not have dragged me into such low company if the need had not been desperate. Indeed, it took 15 horses and the memsahib kicking from behind to get me there anyway, despite the fact that the West Wing is on the verga of collapse.

Actually falling down and dragging the rest of Uttoxeter Towers with it more than likely. Good riddance, some might say, but you gentlemen will know the attachment which one feals towards a house in which 19 of one's ancestors have been foully done to death and another 14 died fucking.

The plain fact is that if we cannot get the middle-class hoi-poloi into the place to be systematically robbed by the coachload, the House of Uttoxeter will fall. Very soon. I only hope that frightful grocers gel Thatcher is visiting when it does!

I don't want to bora you with details, but before they were elected this bunch of middle-class spivs that call themselves a Conservative govemmenl promised the Historic Houses Association that they would allow us our massive repair bills against tax and generally give us the same help in preserving these poxy listed buildings for the nation that other civilised countries do.

A typical middle-class lie, to stop us putting their candidates in the ducking stool. I suppose. Since then they've just jeered at us, like they have at everyone else. In fact, that appalling traitor Ridley told us if we couldn't afford to keep up our ancient seats we should sell them to the *nouveau riche!* Ye Gods. From that day I started to engineer his demise. Last summer – *GOTCHA!*

UP YER HYPE! To the memsahib, whose Scottish roots have given her none of the English Gentleman's abhorrence of trade, the solution was obvious. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. If you're up against spivs, use spivs' tricks. So here we were with two of the best discussing Hype.

Damned underhand business, if you ask me, but, of course, she didn't. As I understand it, the theory is this. In the old days some erty-farty johnnie wrote a book, designed a building or made furniture and people chose to buy it or not. Then, if they liked it, they talked about it, other people bought it, it became all the rage and the johnnie made a fortune.

Nowadays, there's no time for that. So they take lots of space on television telling the plebs something is good and that everyone's talking about it before the johnnie even *makes* it. In fact, he doesn't bother until it's all the rage. Then they sell it and the johnnie's agents make a fortune. Currently this Ninja Turtle soup is flavour of the month, although I've never heard of it, have you? And who is Jason Donovan? Jeffrey Archer? Madonna? I've asked all my friends at the Anathamaeum, but they haven't a clue, despite the fact that most of them are judges and see a lot of life.

Anyway, the point is the Smaarmis are to hype Uttoxeter Towers at 20 per cent of the takings. And they have taken a particular shine to the ghost of old Gervaisse Cuntstruck Uttoxeter, the Seventh Duke, who rampages up the staircase of a night in full armour, pursuing a chambermaid. Catches and lupps her in the picture gallery above the main hall and ejaculates so violently he launches himself on a stream of spunk over the balustrade from whence he crashes to the flagstones beneath and breaks his neck. Heaven knows where he found that much spunk, but apparently he was just back from 20 years

MENOIR

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 56 NUMBER 1 £1.75

THRUSTING OUT ALL OVER – YUMMY NUDE YEAR NAUGHTIES IN FRENZIED FUNBURGER FREAKOUT FROLICSOME FANDANGOS: MORE GORGEOUS SEX-CRAZED NYMPHETTES THAN ALL THE OTHERS PUT TOGETHER

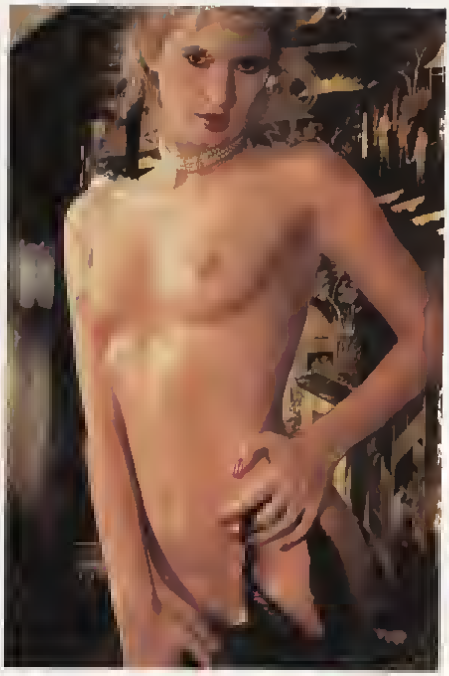
Austria AS 30
France 30 Francs
Italy 8500 Lire
Germany DM 20
Spain 650 Ptas

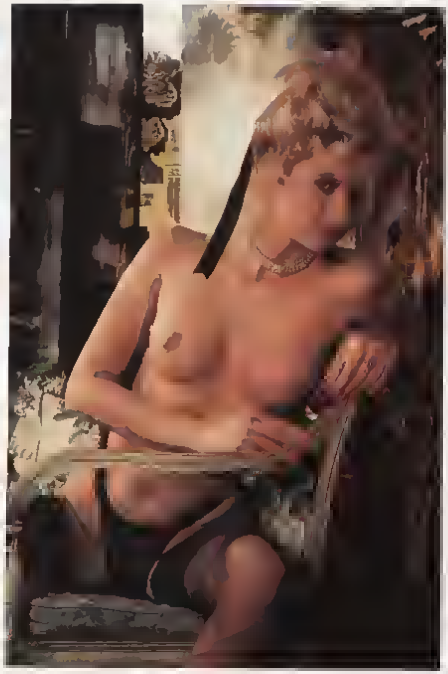
HEIDI HOOTERS: BOOBYSWINGA DINGDONG – ASTRO-BOOBS IN ORBIT

CONFESSIONS OF A SEX-CRAZED STRIPPER

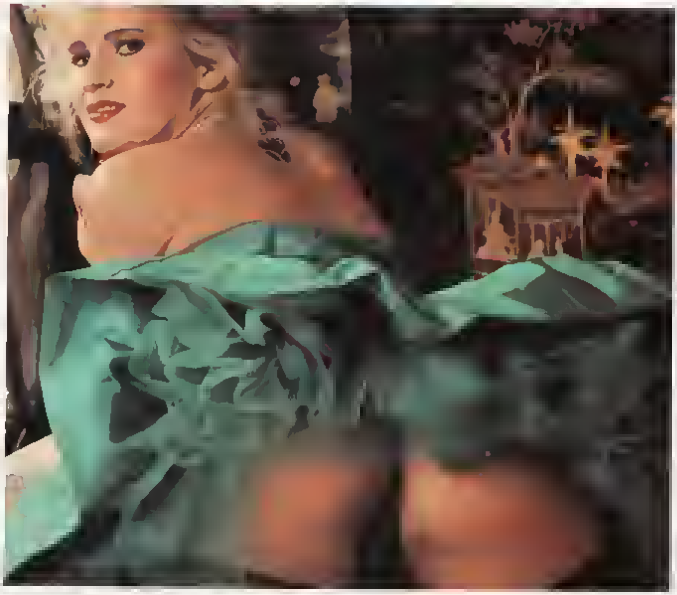
770025 921000

CYNTHIA
Photographs by Donald Miln

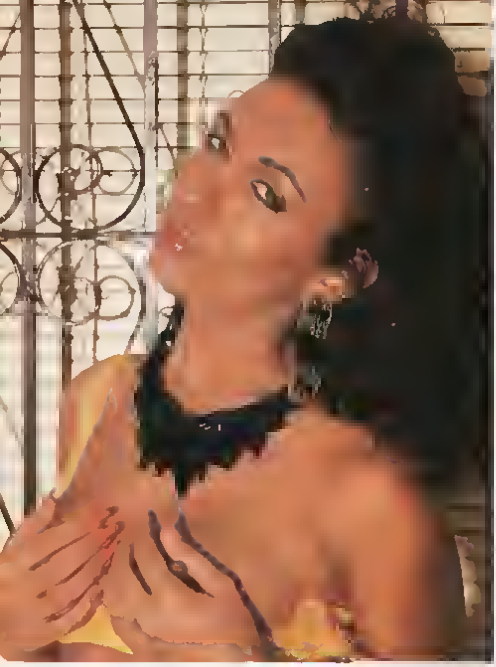




Yet another *Men Only* celebrity exclusive! We can now reveal that Cynthia was the other woman in the legendary Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle divorce sensation (32-21-36) and it was between those welcoming breasts that Michelangelo was resting his head while his poor wife was mourning the loss of her parents in a cauldron of Mutant Turtle soup. From which you will gather that we don't know a lot about Cynthia. Except that she is a farmer's daughter from Wiltshire, aged 22, and wants to work with men when she leaves college. (Sorry, that bit should read: she wants to work with animals etc – we have this Mutant Feminist Typist up here who has an axe to grind.)



GAYNOR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE COLBY



Forget Turtles. For the 1990s the rage is Teenage Mutant Ninja Bottoms. And Gaynor – as we have perhaps pointed out from time to time – owns the world champion. However, do not underestimate the power of Gaynor's behind. It is world-renowned. In fact, in the secret, mystic town of Romford, groups of natives actually pray to it.
A recent Poll of EC MPs indicates that an idealised portrait of these wiggly buttocks is the device most likely to appear on the new single European currency. It is, after all, one sure-fire way of keeping your Ecu hard.

BLAH!

continued from page 4

me I think she will I hope so Can I let a women like that get away Besides if I have to do all that work for one fuck I'll be bankrupt

J D
North Devon

Smell Problem

Sir I must remain anonymous as I am the wife of a very important men in the Government but I trust this will not mean you will withhold your advice

I know that the leading statesmen of the world turn to your magazine to communicate with one another and that your advice has produced the settlement of the Iran/Iraq and Afghanistan wars *glasnost* and more recently the Solidarity

He's been in a mood ever since the All-Bran ran out.

Government in Poland Printing this letter in your column will not only explain some recent unfortunate diplomatic incidents to our friends abroad but your advice may save this country from war!

I am a very sensual women My husband is a very busy man However, he is impotent and also very jealous He has me watched at all times when we are not together So my only chance of sexual fulfillment comes when we both attend important diplomatic banquets – which can be as often as three times a week

Luckily my husband approves of long gowns so I am able to secrete Henry a dwarf in all ways but the most important one under my clothes

Oh the ecstasy as I walk out on my husband's arm naked under my dress with Henry walking between my legs his long tongue lapping at my neglected pussy!

It gets even better when we sit down to dinner By positioning my napkin and the

continued on page 10

GOTCHA!

What's the point of being driven up the wall if you can't even lay the bricks?

There are some girls who are so used to being driven up the wall by the mad, bad and dangerous-to-know men they fancy, that they can't kick the habit. End up carrying a wall around with them so they can be driven up it when there isn't a man in sight. Our pictures show a typical sufferer kicking against the bricks (36-22-36).

BLAH!

continued from page 7

tablecloth dextrously, Henry is able to fuck me with his long thick cock with no one any the wiser – a discreet knocking of his head on the underside of the table being the only sign

I pay Henry well but alas there is no end to his demands. Now he wants more that I can afford and is blackmailing me. He's learned to mimic my voice and so, the other night when President Bush asked after my husband's health, I heard myself reply: "He'd be OK if he could get his cock up. I haven't had any for so long my cunt's healed up. Maybe you'd like to give me one instead, Big Boy."

"Someone's come between us – and he hasn't cleaned it up."

"Sorry. I can't get it either," he replied, or seemed to. Who knows. That might have been Henry, too. He is a great mimic, as I said. So: President Gorbachev, when you thought you heard Mrs. Thatcher tell you "Go fuck yourself, stainhead, we're invading Russia, you ain't got the balls to push the button," it was really Henry demanding more money. Please do not take it as an insult.

And please, *Men Only*, tell me what I should do!

Name withheld
London W4

Take the cover off a very deep manhole and walk bow-legged over it. That should do the trick. – Ed

Threesome

Sir, I am no ordinary housewife. A little plump, and not so beautiful. But I love sex and that makes me attract wonderful men.

Excuse the handwriting, but as I write to you I am kneeling on my bed with Peter's wonderfully silky cock deep in my mouth. I am sucking and licking his gigantic knob, enjoying his juices trickling over my tongue and feeling him get harder and bigger.

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T'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT? THEN GET IT.

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T'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

JANINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ATTUM

Not a girl to take to your crowded local pizzarrhoea, Janine. Not that she's boring—absolutely fascinating about the breeding of camels, the sexual life of the Bedhu, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and the whirling dervishes, in fact. Trouble is, when it comes to giving the waiters their usual gratuity (you know, top off and a friendly demonstration of nude whirling), she clears the table (42-24-37). Crash, tinkle. MG

JANE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ULF STJERNBO
MEN ONLY ©

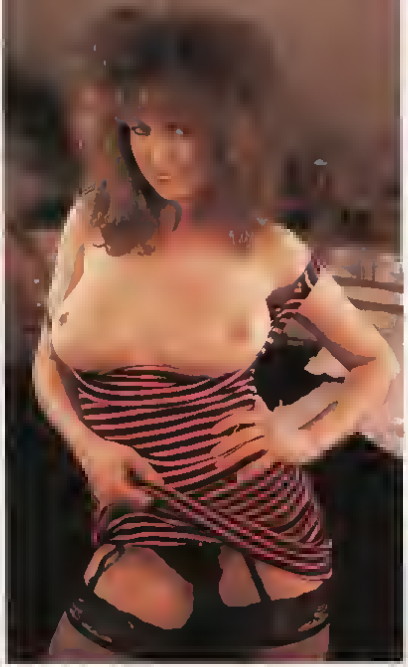
This Jane doesn't drink which is a pretty deplorable state to get into, we reckon, but it does have its uses. Mainly, it means that when we finally get hove out of Tramp in the early hours, there is someone still fit to drive. (Not that Jane is fit to drive, anyway – but she does have a licence. No one has a clue how she got it, although we understand the Ministry of Transport is still investigating.) A couple of weeks ago she agreed to drive Dr. Bruce Bullworker's scooter home for him with Bullworker swaying around on the pillion. Which was fine. She got it started, all right, then drove off leaving Bruce standing on the pavement.
Well, if you drive like that sober, you might just as well be pissed (33-22-36) MO

Kitten

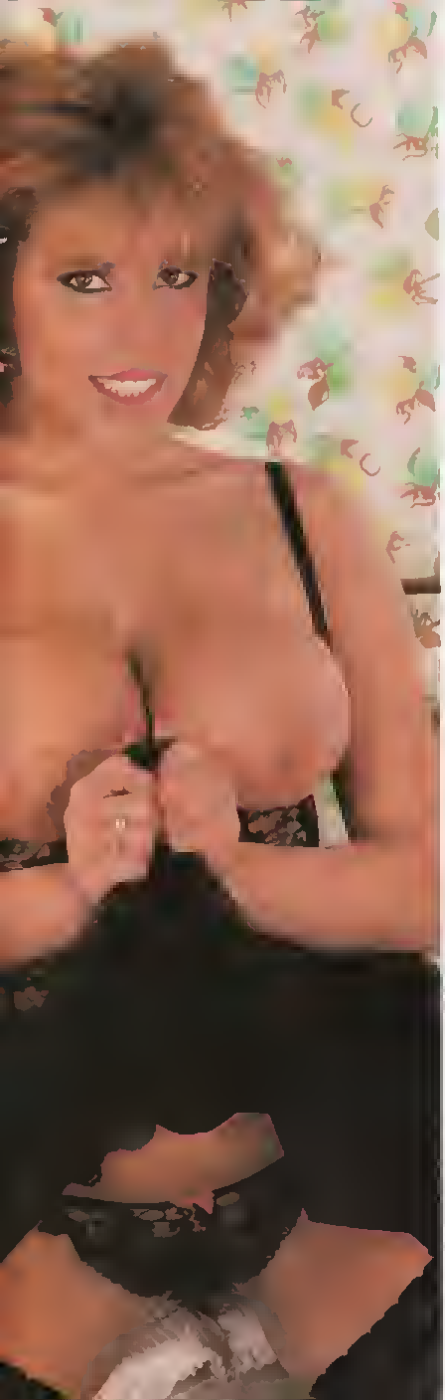
You may have heard that glamour photographers are a lot of brain-dead mercenary, here today gone tomorrow, can-I-have a-cheque-please? schmucks. Which just goes to show that you shouldn't believe everything you read in *Men Only*.

But there are some special girls who can awaken even *their* frozen hearts. Scottish Kirsten is one of them. Which shows what can be achieved simply by being a great human being (39-23-36).

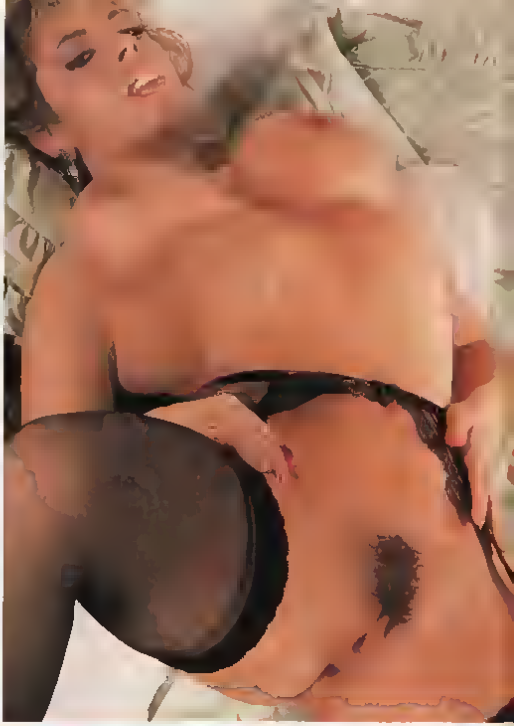
Listen, when the Sunday papers wanted to do one of their faked-up dirty stories on Kirsten, they couldn't. Not because there wasn't a dirty story – they never let that stop them. But because no one would sell them any pictures. At any price! Why? Because they liked her too much! Human decency lives, even in photographers. Makes the world seem a better place, don't you think?



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM
LISA



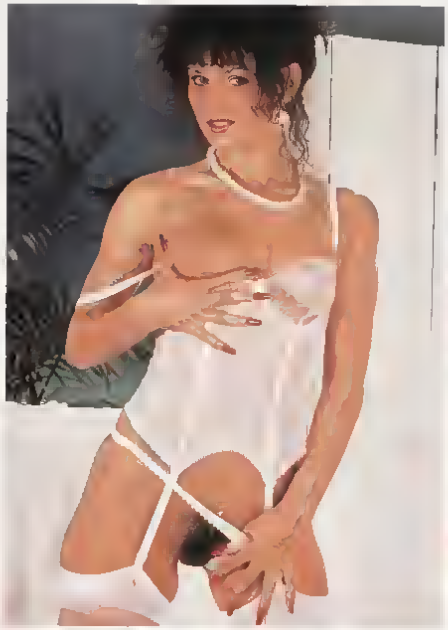
You know how it is when you start to fret. Nothing's right. You spend hours looking in the mirror and conclude that your hair's starting to curl mainly because it's waving goodbye. And although you have not actually developed a paunch, your skin has stretched to make room for when you do. And your thingummy (down there) looks in need of a bit of magnification. And you've spent all year doing sod all. And you can't think of anything interesting to say to anyone. In fact, the only thing you hear yourself saying is how dull you're getting. And no one disagrees. And above all, you can't see how any woman could find you in the slightest bit attractive. And then along comes this big friendly girl who finds you fascinating, brushes all your problems aside and even sorts out the charging circuits on your car. Makes you feel great, leaves you for the next average guy and makes you feel good about that, too. Well, Lisa is one of those girls. Just loves making men happy (36-22-36).



MENDAY

NICOLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON



Nicole (34-22-36) is one of those secretaries whose daily work is limited to telling everyone they cannot see, talk to or decently live in the same world as her appalling boss because he's the most important person in the universe (except, possibly, God) When, in fact, the reason you can never get hold of him is that he in bed with some tart on a fact-finding mission to somewhere. Well, that was her job, until he kept the man Harrison waiting for long enough to persuade her there was more to life than turd-guarding. So she told him to stuff it – by fax, of course – he being in Bangkok (or whatever her name was)

NEXT MONTH IN MEN ONLY

NINJA MUTANT HERO KNICKERS!

FIT ANOTHER ACTION-PACKED HORNY HERO ISSUE IS READY TO SLIDE OFF THE PRINTING PREEEES INTO YOUR LAP. ALL IT NEEDS IE HALF A DOZEN GORGEOUS NAKED CUTIES AND TWENTY THOU WORDS AND WITH A BIT OF LUCK WE SHOULD SCRAPE THOSE TOGETHER BY THE END OF NEXT TUESDAY. NEXT IEH, VOL. 56, NO. 2, ON SALE THURSDAY FEBRUARY 7TH.

BLAH!

continued from page 10

waiting to explode hot streams of spunk into my eager throat

At the same time my bottom is high in the air because Martin is thrusting his huge 10-inch and massively thick cock into my pussy His thrusts push me deeper on to Peter s shaft at every delicious impact My big tits are shaking as these two beautiful well-hung men have me It s a wonder I can write at all!

Oh! Martin has changed positions and penetrated deeper than any man has touched me before It s ecstasy! But would you tell him he s kneeling on my leg? If some blood doesn t get through soon, my foot will probably drop off

Marion, Dorking

Always happy to oblige a lady Hey you Martin Get off Marion s leg you clumsy old sod! – Ed

From An Irritated Man

Sir Damn you you oaf shouting like that! You surprised Martin so much that he missed his aim and gave Marion a thrust in a place she wasn't expecting In her surprise she jerked fowards clamped her teeth together and circumcised me

You will be hearing from my solicitor

Peter, Dorking

From A Worried Man

Sir Curse you! Your shouting has undermined my whole sexual life

Having done something like that does it mean I m queer? You ll be hearing from my solicitor

Martin Dorking

From An Irritated Woman

Sir Hey tell him not to stop! You will be hearing from my solicitor

Marion, Dorking

From A Solicitor

Sir My wife will be hearing from a solicitor too – me Hello, Alice, you can have that new fur coat!

A Smythe, Dorking

Why Women?

Sir I am amazed that so many men go after woman for their sexual pleasure Why? Women are time-consuming irrational require feeding and keep asking you if you love them And they're no good for sex

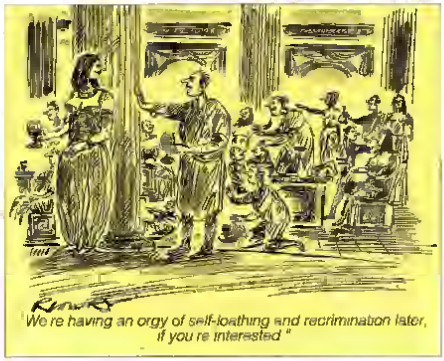
If the Good Lord had not meant a man to masturbate he'd have given us wings not handa I, and any man, can give myself total satisfaction by wanking I do it all the time One to wake me up, one to give me an appetite for luncheon one to help digest the food and so on I am on my bed having sex for three hours every day What woman could give me that?

Balter, I never have a headache, always come at the same time as myself and have never had anyone who was any better in bed

The only problem I have is that when I jump into bed after three weeks or so my sheets shatter under me and sharp bits lacerate my skin It's expensive and painful People say I should wash them but every time I try and fold them up they break like cream crackers What shall I do?

L J, Durham

They're supposed to be washed every couple of days, Lawns Of course no man alone thinks of doing that Which is why so many of us choose women for our sexual pleasure – Ed



"We're having an orgy of self-loathing and recrimination later, if you're interested"

YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

HAVING THE BUILDERS IN

Like everyone else who's been through the house conversion experience, I told my friends it was 'sheer hell' having the builders in. There was no privacy, and everywhere I went I could feel them staring at me.

But the fact of the matter was, I adored having those big, hairy men mooching around the place. I loved tensing them, wearing my tightest skirts and my highest heels, forever 'accidentally' leaving the bathroom and bedroom doors open. And as for their cheeky, ribald comments, they really turned me on.

It was just a bit of lighthearted fun, really, but one of the builders – a carpenter from south of the river – was unamused by my antics.

"She's just a cockteaser," I heard him tell his mates during their morning coffee break. "She's got a fat arse and all. Just 'cos she wears black stockings and suspenders doesn't make her God's gift."

Fat arse? Me? I was flabbergasted – not that it stopped me from listening at the kitchen door.

"So you wouldn't shag it then, Jeff?" someone laughed.

"Course I'd fuckin' shag it!" he snapped. "But she'd run a fuckin' mile when she saw what I had between my legs. Fuckin' cockteasers – you'd better believe it, they're all the fuckin' same."

Incredibly thrilled by the debate on my anatomy, I bolted the kitchen door, pulled my skirt up and put my fingers in my panties – the crotch of which was already moist with my love juice. I dipped my middle finger into my slit to make it nice and slippery and proceeded to rub myself off, pinching my nipples with my other hand and fantasising on having that loud (and foul) mouthed carpenter's cock in my mouth, and his calloused fingers all the way up my – and all too soon, I climaxed.

But I never get proper satisfaction, playing with myself. Even when I cover my Non Doctor vibrator with KY Jelly and writhe around in bed with it pulsating like crazy inside me, I'm left high and dry and clamouring for the real thing. But there was no 'real thing' on hand to put me out of my misery. My boyfriend had been in Tokyo on business for nearly a month and I was climbing the walls.

As luck would have it, Jeff the chippie stayed late that night, finishing off the skirting boards in what, one distant day, would be my lounge. The fact that he and I had the house to ourselves sent a ripple of excitement through me. I resolved to seduce him and went up to my bedroom to slip out of my clothes – and to swap my dowdy beige tights for raunchy black silk stockings.

Adrenalin pulsating through my veins, I checked my look in the

mirror one last time before going downstairs. A pair of high heeled black patents accentuated my curves to perfection – or so I thought. How dare he accuse me of having a fat bottom. The way my black silk panties clung to it and rode up between my buttocks was surely worth a wank! Besides, if my rear end was so unappealing, how come my boyfriend was so hung-up on fucking me doggie style? Bloody builders.

I stood at the bottom of the rickety temporary staircase with my bottom pointing in the direction of the open lounge door and called Jeff's name. Would he still despise me with my clothes off?

"So you reckon I've got a fat arse?" I said, running my hand over my silk-clad rump and pulling the gusset up into my crevice.

"Fucking 'ell!" was his response. Followed by a pause and another "fucking 'ell!" as I hooked my panty-crotch aside and bared my pussy.

"Fucking cockteaser, am I?" I taunted him, tracing the outline of my phenomenally wet slit. "I think it's time we settled our differences, don't you? Come on, get your things off."

Jeff stumbled out of his overalls and stood at the bottom of the stairs, enormously erect. Not quite the cannon of a thing he'd boasted about to his mates, but more than big enough to enter my blues.

But I thought I had a fat arse? I tensed as he slipped his fingers inside my suspender straps and caressed my rump. "How come you're so stiff, if my bum's such a turn-off?"

Now just one rung beneath where I stood with my bottom so provocatively thrust his way, the young carpenter gleefully grabbed my tits and rubbed his knob up against my silky derrière. Randy little bastard.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I squealed, as he tried to stick it up me. "How come you're so turned on by my big, fat arse? You're not kinky, are you?"

"Maybe I am!" he panted, excitedly. God, it was difficult, denying myself that hot, hard length up me.

"Then get down and lick it!" I said, stepping out of my knickers and stairs. Then, easing my buttocks open and baring everything. "It's your punishment for saying such horrid things about me to your friends."

"I'm sorry, honest I am!" he drooled, showering my buttocks with kisses and wiggling his tongue around inside my recess. "I'm sorry, I'm so fucking sorry! Let me shag you, darling, please I've got to put it in!"

And then, before I could stop him – not, indeed, that I wanted to – he was on me. Grabbing a fistful of my belly flesh, he pulled me back on to the business end of his cock. His knob slithered effortlessly up my tight, wet cunt and I cursed him for his impatience.

"Just like I thought," he crowed, clinging to my hips and stirring his knob around so incredibly deep inside me. "Once the games-playing is over, you don't want to know!"

"You stupid fucker!" I panted, wiggling my hips and parting my knees still wider. "Of course I want to know. Go on then, you silly idiot, fuck my big, fat arse off!"

Somehow or other, I managed to extricate myself from Jeff's ramming cock and to haul him upstairs by it, to the comfort of my bed, where – surprise, surprise – he expressed a preference for hands and knees fucking.

My goodness, that builder was a crude devil! He lasisted on thumbing my privates as wide as they would go, and as I knelt there with my face in the pillows I could just imagine him gloating over my engorged hole. He knelt there for ages, the tip of his knob held tight between my labia.

"After I've made you come," he asked, "can I shoot over your arse?"

"After you've come," I purred, reaching behind me and stroking his warm, velvety balls, "you can do whatever you like."

Ten or so blissful minutes later, I lay in Jeff's arms, stroking his wet cock into yet another erection. Just so long as his final bill's *well* within his original estimate, he can have me as hard and as often as he likes!

Jenny, Reading

The young carpenter gleefully grabbed my tits and rubbed his knob up against my silky derrière. Randy little bastard . . .

HOT DATE

I've always loved swimming, ever since I was junior freestyle champion at school. The pool at my local leisure centre's pretty useless – like a big, shallow overheated bath. But when I developed a major crush on one of the lifeguards just recently, I took to spending nearly all my spare time there, swanning around in my naughtiest white bikini and making eyes at the object of my desire – a bulgy-crotched hunk named Paul – making sure he was treated to lots of rude views between my legs as I sprawled in the tepid shallows.

"You're a bloody nuisance, you are!" he said one evening as, yet again, the wave machine parted me from my bikini bottom. "I can't keep my mind on my work."

"You're cute," I smiled, sticking my foot out and caressing his leg. "When are you going to take me out, then? Or are you gay?"

"Course I'm not gay!" he puffed, indignantly. "But I've got a girlfriend."

"How nice for you," I said, laconically. "Is she a lot prettier than me?"

"No way," he said. "And your body's different class."

"So why not pay me a visit tonight?" I said, brazenly. "I'll wear black stockings and be incredibly rude for you. You'll have to stay all night, though."

"But what about my girl?" Paul asked, like the great big baby he is.

"Fuck your girl!" I said.

Hot date or no hot date, I was famished when Paul dropped by, so I sent him out to the new American style diner at the end of the road for chili dogs and fries. As we sat gorging at my kitchen table, I opened my blouse and lifted my boobs out of my bra cups.

"Not yet," said Paul, all but choking on his hot dog. "I haven't finished."

"I just want to try something," I said, scooping up some chili sauce and smearing it over my nipples. "Oooh, that feels good – so tingly."

I pushed my chair back, opened my legs so that my black miniskirt ruched up around my hips and placed my right foot on the table-top.

"I want to wank," I said, calm as you like. "My nipples are hot and my pussy needs air. Have you got a good view over there?"

Paul muttered "Oh God!" under his breath as I pulled my knickers open and started to masturbate. I get so turned on, fiddling with myself in front of men.

"Why don't you lick the sauce off your frankfurter and fuck me with it?" I giggled, spreading my sex. "Go on – I dare you to eat it after you've finished."

I giggled in delight as Paul slid the warm, wobbly sausage up my slot – which was when I noticed my nipples. They were bright pink and swollen to the size of thimbles.

"Take me to bed," I panted, as he wiggled the sausage in and out of my cunt. "I want the real thing now."

Paul was an incredibly dirty fuck. He made me lie on my antique bed with my stockinged legs spread wide and draped over the brass head rail while he knelt beside me, tossing himself off into my mouth and finger fucking me using huge amounts of surgical jelly.

"You're fucking gorgeous, you are," I smiled, as he climbed in between my thighs and stuck his cock up me. And I dug my fingernails into his tight little bum and begged him to suck my big, swollen nipples.

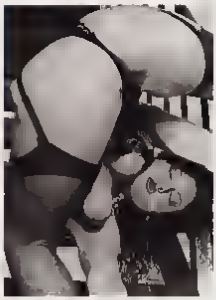
When Paul was ready to shoot, and I reminded him I wasn't on the Pill, he pulled his prick out, ripped my panties off and ejaculated all over my open pussy.

"You're amazing!" he panted.

"I know," I said. "Now turn me over and put it up me from behind. Something tells me Paul's dowdy girlfriend has more than met her match!

Mandy, London N1

"I want to wank," I said. Then I pulled my knickers open and started to masturbate. I get so turned on, fiddling with myself in front of men.



BLUE RECRUIT

Sometimes boys call me 'thick' and 'stupid', but only the ones who are too ugly to get into my knickers. Anyway, like my best friend Carole says, with looks like mine I don't have to worry about IQ – or lack of. I can twist almost any guy around my finger just by fluttering my eyelashes. And if that fails (and it seldom does), one look at my miniskirted derrière usually does the trick.

When I was at college I always wanted to be a Page Three girl, but when I went along for some test shots one day, and the photographer said I had too much puppy fat, I couldn't believe it! When I went round to Carole's flat and told her, I was almost in tears – 19 years old, and a failure.

Carole made me a nice cup of tea and cheered me up – like she's so good at doing when I'm down in the dumps. Then she said something which struck me as weird.

"You like the idea of showing your body off, don't you?" she said.

I blushed – like I always seem to do when somebody susses me out.

"Why?" I said, a bit on the defensive. "What's it to you?"

She didn't reply for a bit, then she looked me in the eye and said: "How does a grand a week grab you?"

To be honest, I thought she was taking the piss. There was I struggling to make ends meet as a temp sec, and Carole was talking in thousands.

"Here's what I do when I go away at weekends," she said, handing me a little magazine hidden under the *TV Times* on her coffee table. "I'm not trying to shock you or anything, but . . ."

I recognised her straight away, in spite of the kinky black stockings, thigh boots and heavy make-up. She was sitting on a black guy's prick – as big as your arm – and gobbling another guy at the same time. There was cum dribbling all down her chin.

"What do you think?" Carole asked, but all I could do was giggle – and blush like crazy.

"I know it looks bad," she said, "but when you think about it, you're only doing what you get up to with your fella of a Saturday night."

"Are you sure that's all?" I asked, getting interested, but trying not to show it.

"Well," she said, "if you want *really* big money, you have to do the kinky stuff."

"Like what?" I said, knowing there was bound to be a catch.

"Performing with other girls, for instance," she said. "I was thinking, Rita, as you and me

know each other so well . . ."

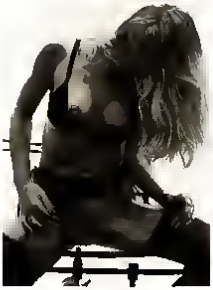
Carole put her hand on my knee. I waited for more, but nothing happened.

"You seem to be trembling," I laughed. "Is something wrong?"

It was mischievous of me, but I knew it was what she wanted, all right, so I hiked my skirt up around my stockingtops and then opened my legs.

"I'm not a dyke, Carole," I said, taking her hand and placing it on my fanny, "but then again, I'm no virgin. Come on, show me what I have to do to make lots of money."

Carole pulled my flimsy silk G-string open and stroked my cunt till it opened out. I unbuttoned my blouse and lifted my lovely big boobs out of my brassière and pinched my nipples till they were firm. I looked down between my



thighs to see Carole had squeezed four fingers all the way up me.

I held my girlfriend in my arms and we tongue-kissed. I closed my eyes and let my imagination wander, kidding myself that her hand was a great big prick – just like the one she was sitting on in that filthy magazine. I pulled Carole's blouse open and sucked her nipples. Was I supposed to finger-fuck her, too? I didn't have a clue what was expected of me . . .

At the end of Carole's front room was a wooden step ladder. Evidently she and her boyfriend Tony had been wallpapering over the weekend.

"Go and sit astride it at the top, luv," said Carole. "You look so lovely and ripe down there, I want to lick you out."

"Carole," I said, like I was telling her off, "don't you think that's a bit over the top?"

"Just do as I say," she said. "I'll make it real good for you."

I felt like a right little slut, sitting there with my thighs spread and my pussy on display, and when Carole pulled my G-string open and opened me out with her thumbs, I whimpered like a rabbit. God, I looked disgusting, all pink and open like that . . .

Well, my mate got well carried away. She put her tongue up my fuckhole as far as it would go, and wiggled it round and round inside me. Then she dribbled into me and stood back to admire her work, calling me a 'little cracker', and tucking me with her hand.

"Well," she said, pushing in and out of my twat, "do you think you've got what it takes to be a porno girl?"

"I don't know," I wailed. "Just take me to bed and finish me off properly, and we'll talk."

I didn't know as much, but it was a planned seduction. There I was, taking Carole's fingers on my hands and knees and coming like crazy . . . when in walked Tony, her boyfriend – stark bollock naked and sporting an enormous hard-on.

"She'll do the business, this one," said Carole, still finger-fucking me while her partner knelt beside us, fondling Carole's arse and fanny as well as my dangling tits.

"Such his cock and prove it, Rita."

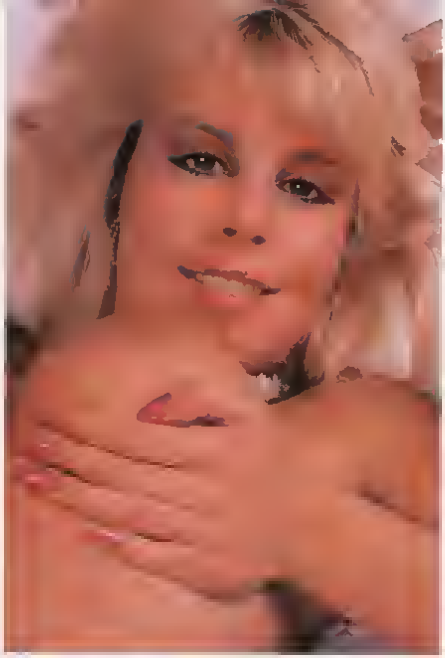
It was big and thick and incredibly veiny, but I sucked just as lovingly as if it was my boyfriend Pete's. It was hot and tasted salty and unwashed, but the harder I wanked it, the more I got turned on by the three-way buzz, and Tony came in my mouth and all over my hard nipples, streak after yukky streak.

Little me, the blue film girl? Only time will tell, but the way I feel right now, it's got to be easy money – and fun, besides!

Rita, Chatham.

I felt like a right little slut, sitting there with my thighs spread and my pussy on display, whimpering like a rabbit. God, I looked disgusting . . .

PHOTOS JOANIE ALLUM



Twenty two-year-old beautician, Sonia was one of those unfortunates who copped for the daunting task of making Ms. Raymond even more ravishing than she naturally is. A job which has driven many a strong girl stark insane, because it is, of course, quite impossible to improve on the wonders nature has showered on her especially at this time of year which is coming up for salary review time, you understand.

Carried away by the intimate surroundings of the pedicure salon, Sonia confided to La Raymond that she'd always fantasised about shewing her bits to the world in the glossy pages of *Men Only*. From which time a period of perhaps five minutes elapsed before she was in the studio, surrounded by flashers (that should read 'flashes', but we have this Militant Feminist Typist up here with a low opinion of photographers 34-23-36).